

# The TATLER

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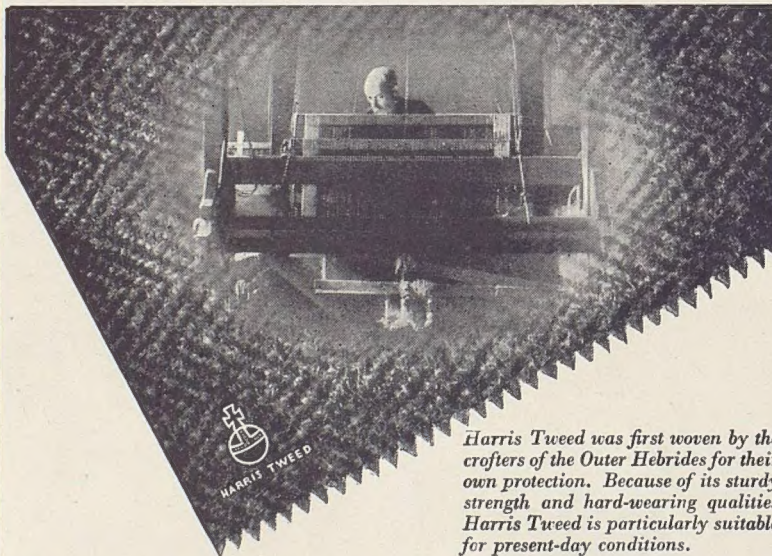
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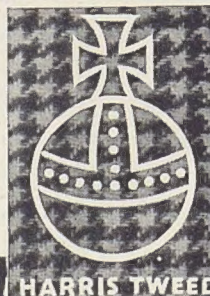
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# THE TATLER

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*Hay Wrightson*

LADY ZIA WERNHER

Lady Zia Wernher, the lady County President of the St. John Ambulance Brigade for Leicestershire, is running the First Aid and Home Nursing Centre near Market Harborough, one of the off-shoots of the centre in Eaton Place, in London, which was inaugurated by Lady Louis Mountbatten, her kinswoman, and of which some pictures appear on page 251 in this issue. Lady Zia Wernher is a sister of Lady Milford Haven, widow of the late Marquess who was Lord Louis Mountbatten's elder brother. The elder of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's two daughters has also taken up nursing, the younger one still being in the schoolroom





# THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

## Britain Shows Her Paces

By their dashing defence of Britain against the intensified German air attack the R.A.F. fighters and the A.A. ground defences have been doing work of more than local importance. For the first time since Britain declared herself at war with Germany almost a year ago, absolute proof has been given to the rest of the world that Britain will and can fight.

To the student of international affairs nothing has been more disturbing during the past five anxious years than to note the widespread conviction abroad that British protestations, boasts and guarantees would prove valueless in the present-day world. We may try to comfort ourselves by the assertion that these misgivings were never well-founded; that they were the ill-favoured progeny of unscrupulous totalitarian propaganda. Yet those who had to meet the questions and arguments of foreign statesmen at representative international gatherings, such as regularly assembled at Geneva, know that doubts were more frankly expressed by genuine friends than by potential foes.

Until the issue was joined these doubts of British virility were based on two main lines of observation: namely, our obvious lack of military preparation in all elements and our declared policy of appeasement, involving us in a long series of strategic retreats, conducted at that time primarily in the political sphere. It resulted that the smaller States menaced by German expansionism came regretfully to the conclusion that it would be safer to compound with ruthless Germany than to seek protection from feckless Britain.

## An Unconvincing Start

Even after Britain and France had entered into a binding alliance and had extended anti-German guarantees to Poland, Rumania and Greece, reinforced by a local alliance with Turkey, Europe as a whole remained unimpressed. When the Allies allowed the attack on guaranteed Poland to develop without serious attempt to create a diversion in the west, then were outmanœuvred in a series of operations opening with the Russian attack on Finland and the German invasions of Scandinavia and the Low Countries, doubts began to grow into convictions.

Against this background Hitler swung Italy into the war, then summoned a series of Balkan Ministers to his presence and

instructed them to hasten in settling their long-standing differences with one another. At first it looked as though the German behest was to be obeyed without question. But delays have followed. During the past

week the "New Order" on the Danube has seemed as far away as ever. And Germany has been exhibiting appropriate irritation.

It is possible—indeed, probable—that this new reluctance to carry out the German will is due to the birth of new doubts in the Balkans; doubts as to whether, after all, Germany will be the ultimate victor in the new world struggle. Those doubts, if they exist, can be attributed in the main to two causes. First, is the proof of Britain's prowess in self-defence and, second, is the increasing volume of reports showing the moral and material damage which is being done to Germany by the R.A.F. bombers.

## America Is Impressed

By helping ourselves in so convincing a manner we are also making daily more sure that the strength of the United States will be increasingly engaged on our behalf as the war proceeds. Last week I mentioned the very favourable impression of our war effort carried back to Washington by Colonel William Donovan, who had spent a fortnight or so in Britain on a special mission at the behest of the American Service Departments, blessed by President Roosevelt.

I see that Colonel Donovan has meantime expressed publicly the views which I ventured to think that he had taken away with him. He thinks we cannot be beaten. He also knows the directions in which practical help could be of the most immediate value to us. One of these is the need for reinforcement of our destroyer fleet, which was becoming desirable even before the French Fleet went out of the war.

Following Colonel Donovan's return, public exhortation to the United States by American soldiers and sailors of prominence, urging sale to Britain of thirty odd destroyers now lying idle at American naval bases has been redoubled. One of the most telling speakers has been Admiral William Standley, a former Chief of Naval Operations. Eminent lawyers have been asserting that the proposed sale can be effected with perfect legality and quite a large section of the Press is strongly urging Congress to authorize the step.

But perhaps the most gratifying action recently taken by Washington is the nomination of Rear-Admiral Ghormley, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, to visit London on special mission as Naval Observer. It recalls a similar visit made during the 1914-18 war by Admiral Sims, who later commanded the American Fleet co-operating with the Allies after American entry into the war.



THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS CHILDREN VISIT A CANADIAN HOSPITAL

Little Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward seemed to think it good fun when the man with the camera drew a bead on them, their father, and some of the nurses at this new hospital for Canadian wounded soldiers



A PICTURE VERY MUCH OF THE MOMENT

With the President of the U.S.A. is Mr. William C. Bullitt, late American Ambassador to France, and Miss Margaret Lehand, the President's secretary. What Mr. Bullitt does not know about the reasons behind the French collapse is not news

(Continued on page 248)





HONOR EARL (THE HON. MRS. SEBASTIAN EARL) PAINTS PORTRAITS FOR THE RED CROSS

Lord and Lady Maugham's second daughter, who is a clever artist, is doing pastel drawings of members of the Forces at five to fifteen guineas a time and handing the proceeds to the Red Cross. The name of the sitter in the above picture was not transmitted.



MR. ROBERT MORRISON, M.P., AND SOME SCRAPS OF PAPER

The Member for Tottenham has been appointed chairman of the Inter-departmental Committee on Salvage, by his namesake, the Minister of Supply, and here he is at Tottenham with a few results. Scraps of paper and other waste are nowadays worth their weight in munitions of war.



FREDDY CARPENTER'S COMFORTS FUND

Lady Pound, wife of the First Sea Lord, winding wool bought with money collected by this fund. The girls in *Present Arms* at the Prince of Wales Theatre collected over £25 in one week. With Lady Pound are (on left) Colonel Hartley and Colonel Black, and (on right) Vice-Admiral H. Munroe, chairman of the Royal Navy War Comforts Committee.



WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES KNITTING FOR THE SERVICES

Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Phyllis Dare and Mrs. Freddy Carpenter, and the wool is supplied by Freddy Carpenter's Comforts Fund.

## EVERY LITTLE HELPS!

VARIOUS WAYS OF ADDING TO  
THE WAR CHEST

(ON RIGHT)  
SELLING  
HITLER'S SILLY  
LEAFLETS

Lady Seager, somewhere in Wales, wife of Sir Leighton Seager, selling the Hun leaflets as souvenirs. Her children, John, Douglas, Thelma and Zoe, are aiding and abetting.





## The Way of the War (Cont. from p. 246)

### Pressure in the East

Developments in the Far East recall once again the fruitful outcome of parallel British and American policy in that theatre throughout the past two or more years. Before these notes appear the situation created by Japanese demands on French Indo-China may have clarified. The possibilities for strong British action in Far Eastern waters are obviously limited by naval responsibilities elsewhere. But it is not overlooked in Tokyo that the bulk of the United States fleet is still handily disposed in Pacific waters, while the limit of potential American action by embargo for the restraint of Japan is far from being reached.

At present Japan is unable to import high octane fuel for aircraft from the United States, which is a matter of some concern to her. On the other hand the particular grade of scrap metal now on the "stop list" of the States affects her little. But were America to place an embargo on all scrap and all other metals and were to refuse to accept Japanese silk exports the effect on Japan's economy might be little short of disastrous.

I understand that the Japanese Ambassador in Washington is keenly alive to these possibilities, having been warned by the State Department not to assume that America would remain inactive in the face of increased predatory moves by Japan. For these reasons it is by no means certain that Prince Konoye will risk the consequences of any attempt to cut off the United States from supplies of tin and rubber which she draws from Malaysia.

### Revived French Spirit

It may, perhaps, seem peculiar to dwell on Far Eastern questions when the war is so obviously raging on our doorstep. But it is almost impossible to escape the close connexion between these two theatres of pressure on the democracies. For this reason it was gratifying to find last week that M. Baudouin, Marshal Pétain's Foreign Minister and a prominent figure in the French Bank of Indo-China, was in resistant mood to the Japanese demands for the right to overrun the entire colony.

Mr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador at Vichy, a well-known figure at many international diplomatic gatherings in recent years, was apparently satisfied that the French forces in Indo-China would resist invasion either by Japan or by China. This is rather important, assuming that this spirit persists, for it is obvious that Japan, were she able to establish herself throughout that peninsula, would be brought to within much closer striking distance of Malaysia and incidentally

without having to pass close to the American Fleet based on the Philippines.

### Red Army Political Purge

While Russo-American relations are being quietly improved, and Russia may now be able to get much-needed machine tools which

removed what had become a great source of weakness, and incidentally of acute dissatisfaction among the troops, as was manifest among the many thousands of prisoners taken in Finland.

In the early days of the Russian Civil War the commissars played an important part in organizing the social and educational side of the army. Again, during the period of purges, when alleged "wreckers" were being weeded out, the commissars had great power. For a time, indeed, the political organizations had control over the military in a proportion of two to one, military districts being commanded by triumvirates consisting of the local party secretary, the local chief army commissar and the local G.O.C. According to the latest decrees the military officers will now have undisputed control over their men, being responsible alike for political and military training. Improved discipline should result.

### Italy Seeks Quarrel with Greece

To those who have followed the course of Italian strategy during the past year or two there was nothing surprising in the news that Italy was picking a quarrel with Greece over an incident in Albania. Mussolini has long had in mind that his forces could occupy Salonika before Allied Forces could establish themselves there. This conviction has doubtless become stronger since the collapse of France and the consequent weakening of the Allied Forces assembled in the Middle East.

Greece already enjoys an Anglo-French guarantee, though presumably this should now be more accurately described as British. More interesting, perhaps, is the fact that an Italian move against Greece would undoubtedly lead to a declaration of war by Turkey, which for the present has elected to remain non-belligerent although entirely faithful to the Anglo-Turkish Alliance.

Whether Mussolini, recognizing the difficulties of the North African campaign against Britain and Egypt, now hopes to score a success in operations which do not involve maintaining a trans-Mediterranean line of communication and whether Germany would welcome an Italian military initiative in the Balkans are moot questions.

During the present week harvesting in the Balkans should be completed, making some form of military activity there a greater possibility. Yet it is hard to escape the conclusion that the Axis plans are not moving quite according to the programme originally laid down. At every point British resistance is proving much more formidable than had been anticipated. Mussolini, we must remember, has for years expounded the theory that Britain was effete and decadent, that her people

(Continued on page ii)



GUARD'S CHAPEL WEDDING

Lieutenant John Edward Seymour, Grenadier Guards, only son of Major Sir Edward and Lady Blanche Seymour, was married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Miss Elizabeth Norah Brand, only child of Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, of King's Somborne, Hants, and of the late Hon. Lady Brand. Lieutenant H. C. Hanbury, Grenadier Guards, was best man and a guard of honour was formed by the regiment

Germany has failed to deliver, Stalin has taken an important step which should ultimately lead to increased efficiency in the Red Army. By sacking the political commissars, he has



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR VISITS AN AIR FORCE COASTAL COMMAND

Mr. Joseph Kennedy, United States Ambassador, during his visit to the R.A.F. Coastal Command Headquarters, was thanked by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill for the increasing supply of American-built Lockheed Hudson Aircraft, largely used in his Command for reconnaissance and bombing. Mr. Kennedy seen with the A.O.C.-in-C. and his staff.

L. to r.: Air Vice-Marshal F. G. D. Hards, C.B.E., A.F.C.; Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bromet, D.S.O.; Air Commodore R. L. G. Marix, C.B., D.S.O.; Mr. Kennedy; Captain C. W. L. Meynell, R.N.; Lady Bowhill; Colonel Martin F. Scanlon (U.S.A. Assistant Military Attaché); Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill; a Pilot Officer who is P.A. to the C.-in-C.; and Lieutenant W. Francis, 60th Rifles





MR. DAVID GRAY, THE U.S. MINISTER,  
LADY ADARE AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH  
His Excellency is a close personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, to whom he is related by marriage. He is also a playwright and newspaper man. Lady Adare was formerly Miss Nancy Yuille and Lady Charles we all remember as Adèle Astaire



LADY HOLMPATRICK  
AND HER DAUGHTER

The Hon. Caroline Hamilton is Lord and Lady Holmpatrick's only daughter. Lord Holmpatrick is a famous ex-joint-Master of that famous pack, the Meath



WATCHING THE BIG RACE

In this picture Miss Olive Widger, granddaughter of Mr. John Widger who owned The Wild Man from Borneo (1895 Grand National winner), and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lavery, he being Dublin's leading K.C.

## IN DUBLIN'S PLAYGROUND RACING IN PHENIX PARK



MR. HARRY USHER  
AND MRS. "HUBY" WATT

The famous trainer and the wife of the former Master of the United, Major A. H. Watt. Mrs. Watt had two running in "The Fifteen Hundred," the big race on the card



A PUZZLED CONCLAVE

Probably not over the Vicomte de Fontarce's Enchantress who ran away with the "Fifteen Hundred." In the picture Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore, he being joint-Master of The Ward with Lord Fingall

Poole, Dublin



SIR OLIVER LAMBERT AND HIS MOTHER,  
LADY LAMBERT

Lady Lambart, châtelaine of beautiful Beaupare, County Meath, is a noted breeder of bloodstock. Her son was on leave from his regiment, an Ulster unit whose present station cannot be indicated



# ITALIAN STRATEGY AND OUR DEFENCE IN AFRICA

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

WE must keep on reminding ourselves that since the French capitulation we must remain even more on the defensive than before—for *this* year. The process of drawing in any weak claws must be faced. A bit of sand here, or an isolated outpost there must give place to concentrating our forces at the vital spots, and as few as possible. When the tide turns next year, all these will return to us, *if* we still want our strength to be strung out in weak packets. In the meantime we must, during the next two months, hang on to Alexandria, the Suez Canal, Port Sudan and Gibraltar—to mention only those upon which our Mediterranean position hinges.

None of the Italian designs or gains in Africa will amount to anything unless they take the Suez Canal. And they must do it quickly. For as long as we retain naval control of the Eastern Mediterranean, and with it the canal, the Italian supply problem in Africa remains, as now, precarious, and demands of them a quick decision. Here again there is something of a gamble against time, dictated by supply. It is the same old time factor which nudges away at the elbow of the German General Staff.

Our direct communication to India, the East and the oil of Iran-Iraq depends on the Suez Canal, which depends on our Fleet, which depends on Alexandria. Sooner or later our enemies must secure much more oil, and no doubt the Germans intend to co-operate with the Italians, possibly *viâ* the Balkans, in a race for the Persian Gulf. We fancy Russia will compete in this race, but we fancy ourselves as the eventual winner.

Of the two bottle-necks to the Mediterranean—Gibraltar and the Suez Canal—it seems that the enemy's plan now unfolding is designed to secure the latter from the Red Sea end first and then from Libya and possibly Greece. Franco is not expected to permit any action against Gibraltar until he sees just how things go at the Suez Canal end!

So it is upon the defence of Egypt that we are now concentrated, and as we cannot yet afford to deplete our strength much at home we are drawing upon our reservoir of man power farther east.

Come what may, the more the Italians extend their operations the quicker will they exhaust their irreplaceable supplies, especially petrol. Heavily outnumbering us everywhere in effectives, they are making a great splash now to enhance their prestige with the natives, and to take advantage of the French collapse before we have time to repair this loss locally. Let them suffer one big reverse, we are told, and the fires of revolt now smouldering in Abyssinia will flare up.

Be this as it may, when the rains lift next month, the considerable Italian force now waterlogged at Kassala, will need more than watching. Kassala is now being developed as a base for operations against either Khartoum or Atbara or both, the mechanised columns could run happily over the terrain leading to both, although water is scarce on the way to Khartoum. Atbara railway junction seems the more tempting objective, for in this advance of 200 miles the refreshing waters of the Atbara River, and a good motor road, are asking to be used. Its capture would sever our communications from Khartoum to both Egypt and Port Sudan. Since the Mediterranean has become unhealthy for unarmoured ships, the importance of Sudan's sea port has increased, to such an extent that we will not lightly let it go. But even before this task comes our imperative victory up north in the defence of Egypt.

The enemy's assault on Somaliland is in a sense a defensive operation. The one railway line from Abyssinia and its one port at Jibuti were always open to our interruption from Zeila, and reinforcements could always have been landed for this task at Berbera or Zeila. And is not Jibuti in French Somaliland now as fair game for us as Oran was? Although the loss of all Somaliland to the Italians would give them 1,500 miles of a coast line which faces our important Red Sea traffic, it cannot help them much except as a safeguard to their precious Abyssinian railway. Thereby their air bases against Aden and our sea traffic are brought no nearer, nor have they much if any naval force left to molest us. However, it will impress the Abyssinians, and less probably, their Nazi masters. Our traffic in these waters is now considered safe, thanks to the bombings we have inflicted upon anything useful, not now and then, but daily since the 10th of May.

As we await the Marshal Graziani's attack on Egypt, each convoy brings us new strength there. The Egyptian Army and Air Force await the best moment to enter the fray in

defence of their lifeline—the Nile, and our lifeline—the Suez Canal.

Of the 200,000 white Italian troops in Libya, only two and a half divisions at present toe the line at the frontier for the word "Go." Three hundred and fifty miles of almost waterless desert forbids too large a force being employed at one time. Graziani must arrange either to carry water in lorries, or to lay a vulnerable water pipe-line from the far end of Libya, and extend it behind him as his troops advance—always, we hope, under constant interruption. We believe our Navy would prevent him carrying water by sea and dumping it on the coast.

The desert, down to 200 miles south of the coast, is fairly good for cars, lorries and tanks. We must expect Italian mechanical columns to attempt a dash across the desert on a broad front, each vehicle carrying its own water for a few days.

But the bulk of the invading force will require more elaborate water and "Q" arrangements, and will probably use the coastal road. Although they will be exposed to our naval action from the sea, this is the only decent road, and it is the shortest route to Alexandria, their main objective. It hits our railhead at Mersa Matruh where our desert base and H.Q. lie. Our forces here will have to be engaged by Graziani sooner or later, for from here we can continually strike at the flanks and rear of anything passing within 100 miles range. Sidi-Barrani, and Sollum, two mud villages, are only held by us as advanced observation posts near the frontier.

As at sea, which the desert so closely resembles, it is always difficult to guarantee that every swift column will be intercepted and done in. But on arrival their reception will be hard unless they count on and receive a warm welcome from local Fifth Columnists. There lies the anxiety. In the very mixed complexion of Egypt's international population lies a block of 60,000 Italian-Egyptians on the banks of the Nile. While many profess hatred for Mussolini and all his works, while many have been arrested, and while the Egyptian Government have loyally co-operated in this problem, the fact remains that here is most fruitful soil for more stabs in the back. And unhappily Egypt is rich in temptation for saboteurs to strike at such vital points as the Nile barrages, canal works and naval dockyards, etc.

Of course we have taken the measures possible to cope with the risks from behind, including the possibility of parachutists and troop-carriers dropping at awkward strategical points of importance. But there our troops must miss the comfort of feeling their own countrymen at their back, as they do here at home.



WATCHING THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

Somewhere on the edge of the Western Desert where the British Army and its Egyptian allies are quite ready for whatever may be coming to them. Mussolini's worldly hope will "turn ashes" for a certainty



# TRAINING THE CIVILIAN

In First Aid and Home Nursing



AT LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S TRAINING CENTRE AT EATON PLACE  
With Lady Louis Mountbatten (left) are, amongst others, Mrs. Frieze, Mrs. Evans, Miss Hutchings, Miss Birch, Miss de Zouche, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. MacNaughton, Mrs. Gardner and Nurse Royle



## A LECTURE ON ANATOMY

Nurse Royle explaining how vital is a knowledge of the construction of the human frame in first-aid work. The class includes Mrs. Halsby, Miss de Zouche, Mrs. Frieze, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Moeran and Lady Louis Mountbatten



## SOME PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

On the right Mrs. Gardner is attending to Mrs. Wilkinson's supposedly broken ankle, and on the left Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Moeran are struggling with an unruly bandage

Foreseeing from the outbreak of this war the urgent need of having as many people as possible trained in at any rate a rudimentary knowledge of first aid and home nursing, Lady Louis Mountbatten organised a scheme, in conjunction with the St. John Ambulance Brigade Training Centre, for a civil nursing reserve, at 55, Eaton Place, where a fortnight's training is available to women in all walks of life for the very moderate fee of two guineas. Many large firms are co-operating splendidly in this scheme, and paying for members of their staffs to take this course, which is a very thorough one, and will, it is hoped, result in similar centres being set up all over the country. Two centres have already been started at Market Harborough and Bicester.



## IN CONFERENCE

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Nurse Royle, Matron-in-Chief of this centre, have a conference every morning on the day's work to be done

Tunbridge-Sedgwick



# THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

THE other day I read somewhere—precisely where doesn't matter—an attack on the quasi-musical person.

It was a witty and an erudite attack, but completely invalidated, to my mind, by the notion, undeclared though implied throughout the article, that great composers write their music for the benefit of musical critics only! I think I never heard such nonsense in all my life. A famous musical critic has disclaimed the necessity for concerts in his own case. He says: "I can give myself one in my head." But the matter goes far beyond music, and, indeed, applies to all the arts. No wise, literary, dramatic, or art critic imagines that books are written, dramas performed, and pictures painted and exhibited for the benefit of the critical expert; it is only your

## WHAT PLEASES THE PUBLIC

is sympathy." In other words, the general public only goes wrong when, attempting to justify its enthusiasm by discovering the reason for it, they act like critics.

The other night I went to see a farce which struck me as being just nonsense, and the wrong kind of nonsense. But bearded and bespectacled highbrows would not have it so, and in the intervals they explained to me their reasons, which were five. First, because the piece aptly reflected the last desperate hope of escape from world-neurasthenia. Second, because it was surrealist theatre. Third, because it was the drama's attempt to co-ordinate itself with the music of Alban Berg, the verse of W. H. Auden, and the painting of Max Ernst. Fourth, because it was a criticism of American life. Fifth, because they liked it and found it frightfully amusing. Well, they may have been right! Anyhow, the public agreed with me, and the farce came off after a very short run.

In the film world, the converse is always happening. I find that a certain film is nonsense, but the right kind of nonsense, the public filling the picture-house at every showing agrees with me, and the following week I am given by the film-critics of the higher-browed papers and periodicals to understand that what has delighted me

and the public has been beneath contempt. Take the new picture at the Odeon, called *Johnny Apollo*. This seems to me to be a wholly admirable and withal swift-moving melodrama, based on the kind of emotions which the protagonists of melodrama may rightly entertain. The story begins with a millionaire financier called Cain, and played by that first-rate actor, Mr. Edward Arnold. I don't know why it is, but it seems to me that there is no actor on the English stage who could come near Mr. Arnold's performance! Now Cain doesn't mind being arrested for embezzlement half as much as he minds having to face up to his son, who is the equivalent of the young prig, Voysey, in Mr. Granville-Barker's play. Cain Junior tells his father to his face that he is a crook. Whereupon the old man rounds on the boy and says: "How do you suppose you would have got all those tries for your college at football if I hadn't bought the other side?" It is worth while going to the Odeon only to see Mr. Arnold put Mr. Tyrone Power in his place. Presently the boy, discovering that honesty alone won't get him a living, warms towards his father, and hearing that money can get a prisoner out on parole takes to shady ways of earning that money. Whereby he, too, ends up in the same gaol. After which the story gathers pace and momentum. The father renounces his son as a blackguard; there is an attempt at prison-breaking, the father is murdered, or nearly murdered, the son is accused and goes or nearly goes to the chair. The prime instigator in the row—a slim crook, magnificently played by Mr. Lloyd Nolan—is shut up in the prison laundry and scalded to death. And in the end the father recovers and is at once set free, as is also the son. So they both make their way to a motor-car in which waits Miss Dorothy Lamour.

Doubtless I am quite wrong to find this film absorbing. But surely absorption is the only test of something which does not do more than claim to hold your attention for a couple of hours? Going back to Mr. Mann, I read: "What pleases the public is lively and vivid delineation which makes no demands on the intellect." Does *Johnny Apollo* make any demands on the intellect? No! Then why judge it by intellectual standards? Is it full of lively and vivid delineation? Yes! Well, then, why not judge it by that standard? Was the cinema full? My dear readers, let me seize the occasion to say that the management of the Odeon is one of the most courteous of all film managements, and that I am grateful to it for having on many occasions gone out of its way to make film-going easy for me. How full this enormous house was may be judged by the fact that, even with twelve hours' notice, the best seat that could be found for me was one at the extreme side of the circle, and which therefore afforded a slightly slanting, not to say cock-eyed, view of the screen. But I prefer this ten thousand times to being afflicted with the slanting, not to say wholly cockeyed, mental attitude of your highbrow critic who persists in bringing pictures to tests they were never intended to meet.



ROBERT YOUNG AND RUTH HUSSEY IN "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"

This fine M.-G.-M. production opened at the Empire on August 16th and is bound to hold its audiences for just as long as it is elected to keep it on. Robert Young plays Langdon Towne, the young man of artistic leanings who is sent down from Harvard for his far too impudent caricatures of his pastors and masters, and then finds himself linked up with Rogers' Rangers, out to find the North West Passage. Ruth Hussey plays Elizabeth Browne, whom in the film story he marries

musical critic who sets himself on a tinsel throne and imagines that the whole business of music, composed and interpreted, is to obtain his approbation.

In his magnificent story "Death in Venice," Mr. Thomas Mann has the following passage: "For an intellectual product of any value to exert an immediate influence which shall also be deep and lasting, it must rest on an inner harmony, yes, an affinity between the personal destiny of its author and that of his contemporaries in general." Not, mark you, between the conscience of the author and that of his critical contemporaries! Mr. Mann goes on: "Men do not know why they award fame to one work of art rather than another. Without being in the faintest degree connoisseurs, they think to justify the warmth of their commendations by discovering in it a hundred virtues, whereas the real ground of their applause is inexplicable—it



SPENCER TRACY—ROGERS OF ROGERS' RANGERS

A great part for this fine actor in the film version of Kenneth Roberts's engrossing book all about the rugged fighters who tried to cut their way to the "short cut to the wealth of the Indies." The film, which is in Technicolor, which helps it out tremendously, is full of action all the way—desperate fights with the French and Indians for the most part



# THE LADY WHO IS TIED TO AN HONEST CONVICT



JOAN BENNETT,

HEROINE IN "THE HOUSE ACROSS  
THE BAY"

HER MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT

The "house across the bay" is that famous establishment Alcatraz, America's Island "Dartmoor," and the story of this excellent and highly emotional film is about the lovely lady who marries a man (George Raft) who is "framed" by his rival for her hand and gets ten years. How he escapes and gets killed in the process, leaving the lady free to marry the nice man (Walter Pidgeon) with whom she falls deeply in love, should be seen by one and all who like a live story. In the earlier sequences as a cabaret entertainer, Joan Bennett has to sing the "Chula Chihuahua," and the little tyke she is cuddling is a dog of Mexican extraction which some people even go so far as to think attractive, in spite of his not having much hair



SINGING THE "CHULA CHIHUAHUA" IN THE FILM



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By PETER TRAILL

## A Fine Novel

IT is some little time since Mr. Myers produced "The Root and the Flower," the beauty and wisdom of which made such a deep impression upon those who read it with understanding. For the benefit of those who have not read this book, or whose memory may be faulty, Mr. Myers has sketched in a brief introduction to "The Pool of Vishnu" (Jonathan Cape; 9s. 6d. net), which completes the story of Prince Jali, the previous history of the



NEW CLUB FOR SERVICE WOMEN

The King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Service Women of the Empire in London was opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester last week, at 15, Manchester Square, which, with its large reception rooms and beautiful Adam mantelpieces, will be used as a leave centre and social club for resident and non-resident members. The President is Lady Vansittart, wife of Sir Robert Vansittart, chief diplomatic adviser to the Foreign Office, who is seen talking to Lady Muriel Gore-Browne, sister of the Earl of Dunmore, the Chairman of the Club

chief characters who, by their actions and thoughts, complete the tapestry. Though "The Pool of Vishnu" is satisfying in itself, those who have not read "The Root and the Flower," or who are uncertain of its stresses, should read the preface with care.

In the first place, he acknowledges, as he did at the beginning of the first part of this magnificent story, that he has made free with Indian history, geography, manners and customs; and this acknowledgment should keep the Anglo-Indians from making the disconcerting and ugly noises which appear to be peculiar to Anglo-Indians, most of whom have remained outside the doors of the real India.

In "The Pool of Vishnu," the conflict of Danizal and Salim, the two sons of the Emperor, for the succession to the throne, comes to a head. This conflict, which forms the background of the book, influences the actions of the main characters, whose sympathies lie with one side or the other; but though the Emperor does at last appear in person, the author, as the title suggests, is

*Mr. Peter Traill is deputising for Mr. Richard King, who will be resuming his article "With Silent Friends" next week, August 28.*

not primarily concerned with the trumpeting of elephants or the clash of arms.

A pool is a place in a stream where the water is deeper than elsewhere and more or less still. That is a dictionary definition, and there is no reason to quarrel with it. To the Pool of Vishnu, gently guided by the Guru, Prince Jali comes after he has fled with Hari Khan, his mother's lover, from the castle of the Sesodia, to escape Salim.

"Beneath was an oblong pool about fifty feet in length, with a stone-flagged path running round it. A large figure of Vishnu, outstretched as if in sleep, lay in the water, the head with its aureole of hooded cobras just rising above the surface. Calm and beautiful was the face of stone that looked up into the evening sky." And there he finds Damayanti again. From her and from the Guru he learns wisdom and, in the end, we leave him "standing, once again, suspended between the past and the future." Strengthened by the example of Damayanti as propounded to him by the Guru, he succeeds to man's estate.

"Spirit," says the Guru, in his argument with Mobarek, the Emperor's foremost

thinker, "which must stream through the individual man, if he is to preserve a sane and living soul, must stream through society as well. Where the spirit tarries the body politic stiffens into a prison-house. Spirit is waiting in the market-place—waiting for the reawakened and reawakening man."

There is the same beauty of thought and expression in "The Pool of Vishnu" as there was in "The Root and the Flower," and, if the end should prove unsatisfactory to some readers, they must try to realise that the author has brought Prince Jali as far as he intended to do, and that the way of right doing, on the discovery and practise of which the future of the world depends, has been pointed out to him, and his eyes are upon that road.

"Let us not look into the past!" the Guru beseeches him. "For us, poor human beings, it is better to look forward into the future. Our past is nothing to be proud of."

"And the present?"

"My child!"—the Guru shook his head with humorous solemnity—"one has to be very simple or very saintly to live in the present—and you are neither."

In these days, a wise book like "The Pool of Vishnu" can enable people to see the wood for the trees. I hope there aren't too many very simple people. I have known few saints.

John Buchan

WHEN giving this advice, the Guru knew that his days were numbered. It is interesting to compare it with the opening lines to the preface to "The Autobiography of John Buchan" (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net), a copy of which reached his publishers only a fortnight before his untimely death. "As we age," says John Buchan, "the mystery of Time more and more dominates the mind. We live less in the present, which no longer has the solidity that it had in youth: less in the future, for the future every day narrows its span. The abiding things lie in the past."

Written with his usual clarity of style and happy phrasing, this autobiography is not so much a chronicle of the people who met John Buchan, what they said to him, or his replies, but a chronicle of those places and his life in them which so influenced him that he could at the gateway of death recall them in detail. Lasting is the influence of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the legend of King Arthur. He pays tribute to Gilbert Murray as a teacher; and it is impossible to read John Buchan without being aware of the call which the Border country sounded for him.

Oxford overcame his distrust of England, born of his knowledge of Scottish history, and a few names of contemporaries, such as those of Maurice Baring, Hilaire Belloc, Raymond Asquith and of A. T. Herbert, creep in. He gives full-length portraits of the two last-named, and reproduces a delightful and typical letter from Raymond Asquith. From Oxford he goes to the Bar, and loses any wish to leave England, but almost immediately joins Lord Milner in Africa, to return, without enthusiasm, to the Bar three years later. From there he joins forces with A. T. Nelson in the publishing business; and in 1911 becomes Conservative candidate for Peebles and Selkirk, though his antecedents and the majority of his friends were Liberals. (Continued on page 256)



ALSO AT THIS NEW CLUB: LADY McCANN

The former home of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation, now established as the King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Service Women of the Empire, will be much appreciated by many women from overseas now in the Services. A considerable grant towards the initial cost and first year's upkeep has been made by the Nuffield Trust for the Forces of the Crown. Lady McCann, formerly Miss Eileen Hammond, wife of Sir Charles McCann, Agent-General and Trade Commissioner in London for South Australia, is seen leaving the Club with members of the Australian nursing unit now in England





THE BRIDAL GROUP AT THE CRUDDAS-HANSON WEDDING

Taken outside St. Fimbarrus' Church, Fowey, after the ceremony. L. to r.: Miss Elizabeth Treffrey, Major and Mrs. Ralph Cruddas (the bride and bridegroom), Miss S. Stericker (niece of the bride), and (in front) Adrian Bridgewater, Scilla Poole and Barbara Hext.

## A COUNTRY WEDDING IN CORNWALL



MAJOR SIR CHARLES HANSON AND HIS DAUGHTER,  
THE BRIDE

The former Mrs. Cruddas was Miss Clare Hanson, and is the younger of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson's two daughters. The elder one is the wife of Commander Robert Poole, R.N.



LEAVING ST. FIMBARRUS' CHURCH, FOWEY

The names of the guests in the front row of the picture are Mrs. McLaren, the Hon. Violet Agar-Robartes, Lord Clifden's youngest sister, Mr. Edward McLaren, Mrs. McLaren's son, and the Hon. Everilda Agar-Robartes, another of Lord Clifden's sisters. The wedding was attended by Captain C. C. Perryman, Senior Naval Officer of Fowey, and by a very large gathering of the relations and friends of both the famous Cornish families of Hanson and Cruddas.



FLYING-OFFICER AND MRS. J. R.  
RATHBONE

F.O. Rathbone has been the Member for Bodmin since 1935, and now, like many other M.P.s, is doing his bit for his country in another way as well.

(ON RIGHT)

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose house is The Haven, Fowey, Miss Quiller-Couch, Miss Symonson and Lady Quiller-Couch.



SOME MORE OF THE GUESTS

At the back, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Mulleneux, Miss Perryman and her sister, and in the front of the picture, Captain C. C. Perryman, S.N.O., Fowey, and Mrs. Perryman.





## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

At the end of the war his love of the countryside reasserts itself, and he returns, not to the Border country, but to Elsfield, near Oxford, to give up philosophy for history, and to see the golden oriole twice. There he adds to his "group of musketeers," as he calls the heroes of his fiction, and in 1920 meets Lawrence of Arabia, on whose character and personality he throws a ray of light. This autobiography ends with two chapters from a book he was going to write about fishing and, in reading them, one realises that there was no flicker in the lamp of John Buchan's genius to warn the wayfarer that the oil was running low. It just went out.

## The Successful Dictator

LAST week I brought to your notice a book about King Carol of Rumania, with a view to a proper appreciation of the complex position, racial and political, which confronts King Carol at the present moment. This week an opportunity presents itself to gain a wider knowledge of Turkey.

"Modern Turkey" (Routledge; 12s. 6d. net). Illustrated. This book, by John Parker and Charles Smith, deals, as the title suggests, with the recovery of "the Sick Man of Europe." It is altogether a more important publication than that of the Baroness on Rumania, for the authors have resisted the temptation, if there ever was any, to garnish the dish with any tittle-tattle.

When people talk of the dictators, they are inclined to forget the greatest of them all, Ataturk, whose extraordinary personality, administrative genius and will power made the modern Turkey. This book is based on the experiences of the authors drawn from an extensive tour of the country which was made immediately prior to the war; and such a picture as that which shows Kemal Ataturk demonstrating the new alphabet in public serves to bring simply before one the revolutionary nature of the reforms undertaken by the dictator with a view to Westernising the Key to the East. In the last census, only two per cent. of the population declared themselves to be non-Moslems; the majority of these were Jews, and eighty-five per cent. of them gave Turkish as their mother tongue, but there remain twenty-five millions of people belonging to the former Ottoman Empire who speak various Turkish languages, the majority of whom are in the Soviet.

After tracing briefly the causes of the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire, the authors arrive at Kemal Ataturk, whose aims cannot be better expressed than in his own words. "There are two Mustapha Kemals," he tells the leaders of his Party. "One is that sitting before you, the Mustapha Kemal of flesh and blood who will pass away. There is another whom I cannot call 'ME.' It is not I that this Mustapha Kemal personifies, it is you—all you present here, who go into the furthestmost parts of the country to inculcate and defend a new ideal, a new mode of thought. I stand for these dreams of yours. My life's work is to make them come true."

## Kemal Ataturk

THE influence of this man is an abiding one, and unlike nearly all dictators, past and present, he is not only admired, but loved. First and foremost he was a soldier, as we knew to our cost at the Dardanelles. At the end of the Great War he was thirty-seven years of age, embittered by

the sneers of the Germans, but confident of the courage and qualities of the Turkish peasant, who makes up three-quarters of the Turkish population. This period in his career ended with the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, when the independence of Turkey was safeguarded.

From 1923 his qualities as a statesman came to the fore. First the Sultanate, and then the Caliphate went, and with them went the fez and the Arabic script. What this meant is illustrated not only by the picture of Ataturk personally teaching the high officials of his Government the Latin script, but by the fact that only one book could be published in 1929. But far transcending



A CHRISTENING AT THAME PARK—

The infant son of Paymaster-Lieut. Frank Bowden and Mrs. Bowden was christened in the private chapel in the grounds of their house and was given the names of Aubrey Francis. The other child in the picture is his brother, Adrian Harold, who was born in 1938. Paymaster-Lieut. Bowden is Sir Harold Bowden's son, and heir to the baronetcy

all his reforms was his emancipation of the Turkish woman. Kemal Ataturk died in 1938; he had led his people during fifteen years of peace, and held the reins of government firmly in his hands until the end, when he handed them over to Ismet Inönü, his Prime Minister and the victor of the battle over the Greeks from which he takes his surname.

The result of his reforms, the agricultural and industrial problems which still confront Ismet Inönü, and the foreign policy of Turkey are reviewed at length by the authors, whose book never becomes wearisome, even when the matter is a little arid.

## Redskins and Gold

"SWIFT FLOWS THE RIVER," by Nard Jones (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d. net), is a good piece of work. If one gets the impression that one has read all this kind of thing many times before, the feeling

is engendered, I think, by the sameness of the background of so many of these well-written novels of early pioneering days in America.

This particular one deals with the early days of the steamboat; the scene is the Snake River, in Oregon, and the time Lincoln's. Here are the Indians, the villain with the iron hand, the drunken Irishman, the good woman and the bad, the saloons, the gold and the rapids. These ingredients have done duty many times before; but Mr. Nard Jones writes extremely well and, though his plot is stereotyped, his style has a limpid quality which takes melodrama in its stride and by its simplicity presents a picture which is no fake. He is happiest, I think, in his background, and his hero's love for the steamboat and his nostalgia for the river are convincingly written. There are, thank heavens, no lengthy disquisitions upon American politics, and his characters have no frills.

## Pieces of Crime

OVER a period of years, Messrs. Faber and Faber have produced a number of books of short stories, under various headings, picked from the works of many authors. Their latest addition to this series is supplied by Raymond Postgate, under the title of "Detective Stories of To-day" (8s. 6d. net). Mr. Postgate has been reviewing this kind of fiction for a considerable period, and he has selected what he considers to be the best work of some twenty writers, some well known and others promising. I'm afraid that I was not very impressed by the collection, and if this is the cream of Mr. Postgate's milk, the cow must be under-nourished. Austin Freeman makes a good contribution, and there are two other stories a little out of the ordinary which are written by Winifred Duke and Belton Cobb; but the ability which many of the writers have displayed in novels is by no means so pronounced in this medium.



—AND A SOMERSET ONE

The occasion was at Porlock and the principal person concerned the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hobhouse, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Reginald Hobhouse. The baby was given the names of Mark Cam. At the back are Mrs. Reginald Hobhouse, Mrs. Philip George, mother of Mrs. Hobhouse, and Mrs. Tony Collings. Mr. Reginald Hobhouse was High Sheriff for Somerset in 1934



## WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 1



## A SPOT OF BOTHER WITH A "SKUA"—OR SOME SUCH

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

Things have reached a pass when they can neither hoist her and swing her inboard nor decently lower her in the green and greasy ocean—that is, until the two artists perched up aloft have finished burning the wire through with that acetylene blower. When they do, down she goes plop. The hoisting wire, as may be noted by the observant, has slipped over the sheaves and jammed in the crane-head block. The identification marks on the 'plane will be noted



THE TATLER  
AT THE THEATRE

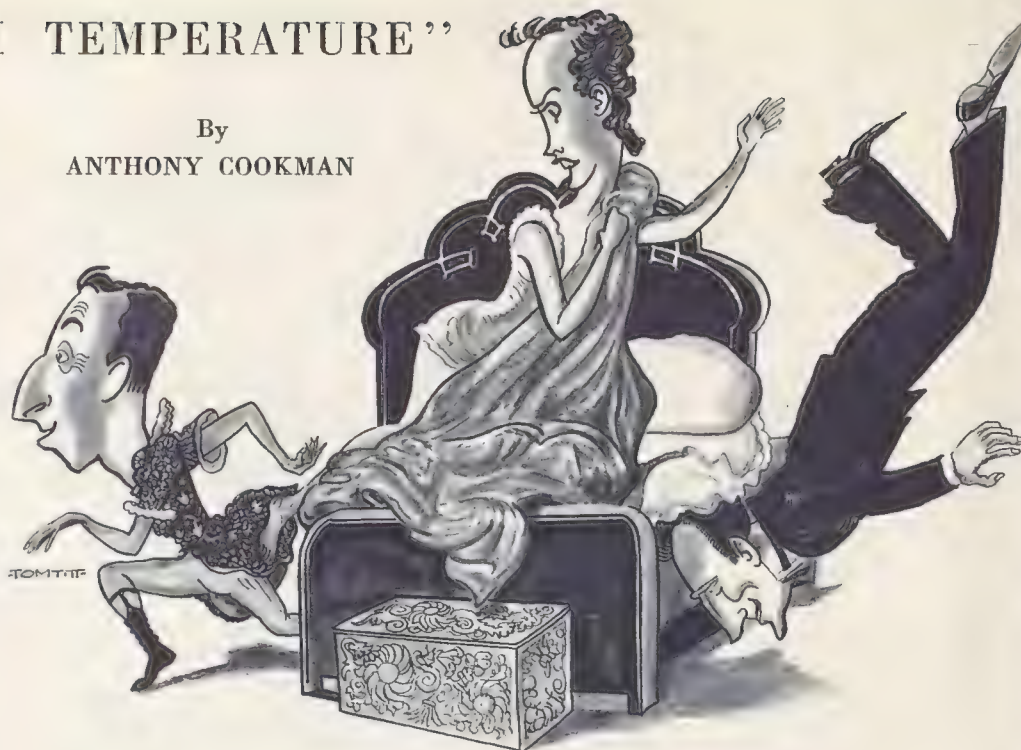
## "HIGH TEMPERATURE"

By  
ANTHONY COOKMAN

**P**LAUTUS and Shakespeare, those shameless revellers in the fun of mistaken identity and stage hulla-baloo, would surely have lapped up this farce, but I hesitate to recommend it to the brainier kind of playgoer. He might think it all pretty senseless; and certainly it is of a simplicity that would have bewildered the old dramatist who, boasting of the simplicity of his own dramatic method, declared that he needed nothing but two actors and one passion. The late Avery Hopwood managed to whittle his requirements down to six actors, six actresses, one bed, and no passion at all. Well and good for him; with these highly unpromising means he gets the required results. My only objection is, I suspect, the obviously personal one that here, filling the Duke of York's theatre twice a night, is an entertainment which, though it makes people laugh, and therefore deserves description, seems, at the first timid, retrospective glance, to be indescribable.

**F**OR how is one to describe a romp round and under and over and into and out of a double bed when it lasts for three acts? How is one to distinguish the first act from the second, the end from the beginning, and how—merciful heaven!—is one to disengage the reason (there must be a reason) why this romp should keep the audience registering laughter into a new-fangled machine set up in the foyer for the encouragement of passers-by. Perhaps the plainest way to describe it would be not act by act, but phase by phase, for the thing is, if you look closely into it, what the astronomers call phasic. The opening phase is direct and to the point. Into the darkened bedroom comes the unconscious Mr. Clifford Mollison, rudely borne by two thieves, who, having found him beside a wrecked car, strip off his clothes and thoughtfully deposit him under the bed of a friend's flirtatious wife. Up go the lights, and into the bed comes Miss Winifred Shotter, sneezing pathetically, and attended by a doctor, who, being Mr. Jack Livesey, and a friend of the family, treats his patient with doses of airy persiflage. Exit the doctor, and in a short while Mr. Mollison has surprised the invalid with a sneeze the masculine counterpart of her own, has shot out from under the bed in his pants and vest, snaffled her skittishly exiguous dressing-gown, and (at the sound of footsteps) ensconced himself in the big oak chest at the bottom of the bed. Enter various ladies at various times and in various states of *négligée*, now singly, now accompanied by doctor, butler or husband, wanting this or that. Nobody spies the stranger, because Mr. Mollison has always, in the nick of time, gone to cover, emerging in due course to implore the flustered wife to procure him clothes.

**T**HIS is the first phase. That it lasts so long is, I take it, the author's masterful way of insisting at the outset that the art of farce is the art of repetition. When our tacit assent to this proposition has been sufficiently won, Miss Margaret Yarde, with a formidably glinting eye which

CLIFFORD MOLLISON AS TONY HAMILTON,  
WINIFRED SHOTTER AS BETTY NEVILLE

AND

JACK LIVESEY AS DR. JIMMIE GALEN

OLIVER GORDON AS  
WEEKS, ANTHONY  
HULME AS FREDDIE  
NEVILLE, PHOEBE  
KERSHAW AS BERNICE  
WARREN, MARGARET  
YARDE AS AUNT  
CICELY AND ELIZA-  
BETH GILBERT AS  
LUCIA GALEN

she naturally puts them into the bed. The special glory of this phase is her decision to apply to the patients a succession of fear-some linseed poultices, and to make them swallow nauseous draughts warranted to cure horses of glanders. Mr. Mollison and Miss Shotter suffer the tortures of the damned very amusingly, and the farce speeds into its third phase. Here the doctor, having glimpsed a strange, sinuous apparition darting under the bed and in and out of cupboards, leaps naturally to the conclusion that he is afflicted by *delirium tremens*. He behaves accordingly, or perhaps not. At all events, he alternately pursues and flees his phantom, and so agile are Mr. Mollison and the author that sometimes he seems to combine these two forms of activity.

**I**T is not until the fourth phase is reached that the doctor tumbles to it—tumbles from the giddy heights of *delirium tremens* to the mundane depths of jealousy. For in this phase jealousy is rampant. The doctor produces a revolver, the long-suffering patient's husband produces another, and Mr. Mollison is heard falling through the greenhouse roof. While the hunt is on, or rather is taking place "off," the farce enters upon a final, brief and genuinely funny phase as Miss Yarde's ogreish aunt and the shy butler dissolve their complexes in whisky.

That, as accurately as I can recall, is the general course of the romp. Why it should keep the house so steadily hilarious is a bit of a puzzle. It is not witty, not particularly ingenious, indeed, scarcely coherent, but it has pace and no taint of sanity. There are times, I suppose, when a little frank insanity is just the waftage we need between the day's work and the night's repose. As such I recommend it heartily.

would hold up a man-eating tiger at twenty yards, appears as the flustered wife's Girl Guides aunt to open the second phase. Mr. Mollison cannot escape that eye, and the aunt's assumption that he must be her niece's husband is, after all, a fair one. Since both the young people have colds,





PAMELA NELL

Pamela Nell, who is appearing in the first spy play of the war, "Cottage to Let," at Wyndham's Theatre, takes the part of Marguerite Barington, daughter of the delightfully vague and unsuspecting scientist (Leslie Banks), who is kidnapped through the machinations of an enemy agent (Alistair Sim), as his discovery of a serum to deaden pain is badly needed by the Germans

## LADIES IN THE LIMELIGHT



(ON LEFT) MAGDA KUN

Magda Kun, the Hungarian actress, who is one of the highlights of a particularly good revue, "Come Out of Your Shell," at the Criterion Theatre, dances the "Rumba Rum"; appears as Pinocchio; or as the mother of a family of acrobats, or sings a sentimental song with equal charm. She is brimful of vitality, and has recently made her debut in cabaret at the May Fair Hotel. For some time she was without news of her family in Budapest, but has lately received a most welcome cable



Photos.: Houston Rogers

ELIZABETH KENT

Elizabeth Kent plays the part of Olga, the beautiful spy, who mysteriously appears at intervals in Vernon Sylvaine's farce, "Women Aren't Angels," which is drawing to the Strand Theatre crowds of people who enjoy a good laugh, and plenty of fun, especially as portrayed by such masters of the art as Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton





MISS ANN WHEATLEY  
AND A FEW BLANKETS  
READY FOR DESPATCH



BERKSWELL HALL, NOW A D



LADY AYLESFORD AND MRS. CHARLES WHEATLEY STACKING  
SOME OF THE SPLINTS

## COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

BERKSWELL HALL,  
NEAR  
COVENTRY



BERKSWELL HALL, TAK  
(BELOW) THE HON. MRS. CHARLES



(LEFT)  
EILEEN  
SHIMWELL  
AND  
"PETER"  
GUARDING  
THE  
CALVES







DEPÔT FOR HOSPITAL SUPPLIES



VIEW FROM THE LAKE  
CONVENTRY SORTING GARMENTS



MISS ANN WHEATLEY  
AND A PERCHERON  
MARE AND FOAL

Colonel and Mrs. Charles Wheatley's charming house near Coventry is now the Depôt for the Northern Area of Hospital Supplies in Warwickshire, and these two pages present some pictures of the many activities and of the châtelaine and some of her many helpers, amongst whom are Lady Aylesford, who is a daughter of the late Hon. Charles Coventry and Mrs. Coventry. There are eighty-five working parties, and the finished garments, dressings, etc., are transported under Mrs. Wheatley's personal supervision to the local hospitals or to the Regional Headquarters of the Central Hospital Supply Service. Lady Aylesford busies herself particularly in the sock department, and is seen at work with her mother and the daughter of the house (seen in one picture with some of the Percherons which Colonel Wheatley breeds), has made herself almost indispensable both indoors and out. Colonel Wheatley is chairman of the Warwickshire War Agricultural Executive Committee, and, besides his Percherons, has a fine herd of shorthorns and some prize-winning Aberdeen Angus cattle, also the flock of Jacob sheep seen in one of the pictures



MRS. CHARLES WHEATLEY ON A BUSY DAY IN HER OFFICE

(RIGHT)  
A FLOCK  
OF JACOB  
SHEEP—  
A FAMOUS  
SPANISH  
BREED







Houston Rogers

#### AMERICAN ACTRESS WORKS FOR AMBULANCE ASSOCIATIONS

Claire Luce, the well-known actress, is serving on the Committee of the American Artists' Ambulance Association, together with other prominent stage compatriots, including Béb  Daniels, Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon and Leigh Stafford. This Association has been formed to collect money to provide ambulances for the British Army. In London the Honorary President is Mrs. Winston Churchill, and among the Honorary Vice-Presidents are C. B. Cochran and George Black. Claire Luce is also on the Anglo-American Ambulance Committee, whose meetings take place at White Lodge, Windsor Park, the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini. Claire Luce will be remembered in *Gay Divorce*, at the Palace Theatre, with Fred Astaire, and more recently for her great performance in *Of Mice and Men*, at the Gate Theatre, and also at the Apollo. Her engagement to Wing-Commander John Woodburn Gillan, D.F.C., was announced in May. He led a successful raid on Stavanger, and in 1938 made a record flight from Edinburgh to Northolt



## FAMILY PICTURES

Lady Ashley and Her Children



LADY ASHLEY AND HER DAUGHTER  
FRANCES

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's attractive daughter-in-law and her children had not long arrived from Mainsail Haul, Wimborne St. Giles, Lord Ashley's Dorset abode, when these pictures were taken at Lord and Lady Churston's house in Regent's Park, where they are staying whilst up in London Town. Major Lord Ashley is away serving with his Yeomanry unit. Lady Ashley is the former Mlle. Françoise Souilier, and was married in 1937. Anthony, the son and heir, was born in 1938, and his little sister is just three months old. Lord Ashley's younger brother, the Hon. Anthony Ashley-Cooper, is in the Household Cavalry

*Photos.: Swaebe*



LADY ASHLEY AND ANTHONY TAKE THE KERRY  
BLUES FOR A WALK IN THE PARK



ANTHONY, SON AND HEIR, IN CHARGE OF FRANCES



# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

LET us, borrowing a homely simile from the Turf, call over the card. It is usually done in connection with any big race, such as a contest, for instance, as the Grand National. We get such a mass of complicated talk about this Grand International that perhaps something simpler and less technical may be apposite. So here goes—

*Italy.*—A sprinter; an apt description, I suggest, in more ways than one; quick out of the gate, and with a pull of at least 10 lb. in the weights able to bowl along in front for a bit. *This is not a five-furlong contest.*

*France.*—A good horse on past form; villainously nobbled in the stable; that is

tiger to finish; never lets go of his bit, and never so dangerous as when the people in the stands are shouting the names of everything else in the race.

ONLY one or two more words. This is a Whale and Elephant war. It is 10 to 1 on the Whale, because the Elephant can no more live without food than can the jackal or his fellow-scavenger the hyæna. The grazing is not limitless; in fact, the herbage and the bamboo clumps are already beginning to get a bit thin. There is not a chance of anything growing again so long as the Elephant continues to trample all over everything. I suggest that these few facts are incontrovertible.

THEY [the Lines of Torres Vedras, 1810] appeared to have been designed to protect Lisbon from a *coup de main*; but by Wellington himself they had always been regarded as the barrier beyond which the French could and should never advance." This is a little bit of history. The Duke never intended the famous barricade as a permanent hidey-hole for the British armies. He was only out for a breather at a time when it was badly needed: Napoleon had overrun all Spain and most of Portugal; Joseph Buonaparte was King of Spain—they thought they had things all their own way, for Napoleon had knocked most of Europe into a cocked hat, and was setting out to destroy Russia. Wellington was as snug as a bug in a rug at Torres Vedras, and he knew that he could afford to wait, *because he was battling on the side that held command of the sea.*

His communications were in no danger; he had plenty of food and plenty of guns and ammunition. He was so snug that he even ran his own pack of hounds. The Pau Hunt claims descent from that historic pack. The Calpe (Gib.) Hunt, I believe, also claim some kind of collateral relationship; but Pau's claim is the more substantial. Anyway, as may be noted, Wellington was not the least bit worried, and determined to enjoy himself until the time came to chase Massena all across Spain and the whole of the rest of the French armies back into their own country. Put a few other labels on to this story, and see how it fits into the present situation. I am sure Mr. J. B. Priestley will enjoy altering the few names for us.

IT was during the times of the Torres Vedras hounds that (according to Conan Doyle) "Brigadier Gerard," of the Hussars of Conflans, had a day with them and offered to ride their fox down and kill him with his sabre. Whether the real "Brigadier Gerard" was there I do not know. "Gerard" was really Marcellin Marbot, of the 23rd Chasseurs à Cheval, a most gallant and brilliant cavalry soldier, and in an epoch when the French had a regular litter of them and all first-rate, Marbot stood out. He was first class on a horse—which means any horse, not only the good ones. His mare "Lisette" is as famous in history as her master. The previous owner wanted 5000 francs for her; Marbot bought her for 1000 francs, because she was such an absolute savage. In his memoirs, Marbot says "she bit like a bulldog." She had disembowelled a groom the evening before Marbot was permitted to buy her. The vendor did not mention the fact, and she nearly got Marbot and also his groom. The way they cured her was by going into her box with a smoking-hot leg of mutton. "She seized it with her teeth," says Marbot, "and burning her gums, palate and tongue gave a scream, let the mutton drop, and from that moment was perfectly submissive."

SIR COURTAULD THOMSON, Chairman of the Red Cross Sales, has been kind enough to write me the following letter, which I am only too pleased to publish, not because he says I am a goodish tipster, but because it may do more good to the cause in hand, especially the postscript—

DEAR "SABRETACHE"—

You are a wonderful "tipster." Allow me to congratulate you. When you wrote on July 17 that our Red Cross Sale would achieve the "thick end of £200,000," you must have had "inside information." Anyhow, you will be pleased to know we have passed the £150,000 mark as a result of Christie's and the sale of bullion from old gold, and, with confident hope of the results from subsidiary sales, we are sailing on merrily towards your own predicted figure—£200,000.

Yours sincerely,  
COURTAULD THOMSON,  
Chairman.

P.S.—Your readers can send us all the old gold watches and any gold articles they can.



AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MISS DEIDRE SHEPHERD AND MR. R. P. GILL

The decorative half of this picture is a daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Shepherd, a former Master of the Duhallo, and Mr. Gill is in a well-known cavalry regiment and in happier times hunts with both the Meath and Kildare. The late Mr. W. P. Gill, of Yeomanstown, Kildare, his father, was at one time a famous breeder of bloodstock

to say, got at and poisoned before he even got to the post, a fate similar to that of some lesser competitors.

The impenetrable wall built only half-way across the road was a waste of good time and money. An imaginary line!

*Germany.*—A stayer of doubtful honesty, apt to turn it up the moment he is seriously tackled—also a roarer who makes a noise like a brass band. At the moment looks full of running, but when the real pinch comes . . . ?

*Britain.*—Bred to stay both sides of the house—a bad 'un to start, but a



Photos.: Poole, Dublin

ALSO AT LEOPARDSTOWN

Lieutenant Patrick Stokes, who is in Hodson's Horse, I.A., and Miss Sidney Dunlop, who are to be married on August 21, the date on the issue of this paper. Miss Dunlop is a granddaughter of the inventor of the pneumatic tyre, and the daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Dunlop, and Mrs. Dunlop, of Beulah, Dalkey, Co. Dublin



# "MEL" WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES



## AN OPERATORS' TRAINING BATTALION, ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

The layman no doubt associates the word "operator" with a person who says "Sorry you have been trahbled." This unit has no more to do with that sort of thing than it has with the Ministry of Information. Its function is quite different if only the intriguing truth might be told, which, regrettably, it cannot be, seeing that there is a thing called a war on. The C.O., Lieut.-Colonel R. R. A. Darling, saw service in Palestine immediately previous to taking up his present command, in which he is extremely popular, and, in fact, held by some to be most felicitously named





AT THE RING-SIDE AT DUN LAOGHAIRE (KINGSTOWN), DUBLIN

Mr. Francis Devine, a leading Dublin solicitor; Miss Maureen Kiernan, his niece, who is a famous breeder of Irish setters and Labradors, and won the Green Star with her setter "Simon of Seaforde"; and Mr. Brian Sterling Berry, one of the judges at the show

## AT A FAMOUS DOG SHOW IN IRELAND



MORE WINNERS!

Judge O'Connor, who won with his Irish wolfhound, "O'Finn of Oughborough," and Countess Taaffe with her Boxer "Rigor"



MRS. CHARLES HAFNER AND HER BORZOIS

"Friar of Tangmere," on the left, and "Paul of Tangmere," winner of the Green Star in the open class. The show was held in the grounds of Monkstown Park School, and drew over six hundred entries, in spite of virtually none from Great Britain and few from Northern Ireland



Pool, Dublin

A TENSE MOMENT FOR THE DACHSHUNDS

They were being judged for the honour of being runner-up to Messrs. N. and T. Caffrey's "Puck of Anfield," and the successful one was Mrs. S. F. Purdon's "Mimulua of Yesmah" (on right); the other one is Miss B. Scott's "Brada von den Bergen." The class was judged by Mr. Brian Berry (see top left). Mr. Berry also judged the bull-terriers





#### THE GUNS MOVING OFF FOR THE FIRST DRIVE ON THE BURLEY MOOR

Grouse-shooting opened this year on the 5th instead of the 12th, and at this particular shoot over Sir Donald Horsfall's Yorkshire moors, the results are stated to have been very satisfactory. There is so much good shooting going on elsewhere at the moment—and with very heavy bags—that there was always the lurking fear that the grouse might be a bit neglected; but this is not so, for accounts from other spots than Yorkshire are very encouraging. A good summer and no bad weather to speak of has all contributed to the welfare of the young birds—the old ones usually being quite able to look after themselves

## A WARTIME GROUSE SHOOT

### Sir Donald Horsfall's Yorkshire Party

#### (BELOW) THE GUNS BEFORE OPERATIONS OPENED

On the left, the host, Sir Donald Horsfall; next to him Lord Harewood; and included in the rest of the party are Mr. A. Green, Mr. E. and Mr. J. Fattorini, Dr. D. Watson, and Mr. A. K. Akernley



#### COUNTING THE SLAIN AT THE HAWKSWORTH AND BURLEY MOORS SHOOT

The above is only the result of the morning's operations at Sir Donald Horsfall's recent shoot. The host is a Yorkshireman who has his seat at Currergate Steeton, Keighley, and one of his principal guests at this party, Lord Harewood, is likewise a Yorkshireman—from the Bramham country



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE vicar had called for tea, and during the conversation got on to one of his pet subjects, and went on and on talking.

The small child of the house sat open-mouthed, drinking it all in. Then, suddenly, when the worthy man paused for breath, she turned to her mother and asked:

"Mummy, didn't he bring his 'Amen' with him?"

"DO you believe in prayer?" little Peter asked the vicar.

"Of course I do!" said the vicar.

"Do you think if I prayed hard enough I would get a nice big gold watch like you've got?"

"Certainly, if you had as much faith as I have."

"Well," said Peter, after thinking a moment, "you give me your watch, and you pray for another!"

A minister passing through a side-street of Edinburgh came across a particularly hefty and rough-looking coalman "persuading" his stubborn horse to move along more quickly. The minister, a very small man, was appalled at the man's language.

"I cannot understand what you mean by using such dreadful expressions," he said.

The rebuke, however, was quite lost on the coalman. Patting the minister on the shoulder with a very dirty hand, he said: "My wee mon, neither could I understand it when I was your size."

THE scene was a riding-school.

"Have you ever ridden a horse?" said the sergeant.

"No, sergeant," replied the recruit.

"Well, here's the very animal for you. He's never been ridden, so you can start level."

A down-and-out actor was getting desperate. He approached the manager of a variety theatre and offered to dive off a 60-ft. ladder on to the stage.

The manager accepted the offer, and next night the actor duly dived head-first to the stage below. He rose to his feet, clapped his hand to the back of his head, and pranced about the stage.

"Here," said the manager, "your act is fine, but cut out this sissy stuff."

"Sissy stuff be blowed!" said the actor. "I've broken my neck!"

THE small boy asked the chemist for twopennyworth of ipecacuanha. "And please," he said, "Mummy says will you charge it to her account?"

"Yes, my little man," answered the chemist, "and what is your name?"

"Higglespeake."

The day was sultry.

"Here you are," said the chemist. "Tell your mother she can have it for nothing. I'm not going to write 'ipecacuanha' and 'Higglespeake' on a day like this just for twopence."

A lion escaped from an American circus and ran wild through the countryside. Immediately a party was formed to hunt for the ferocious beast. Before starting on the dangerous trek the sheriff took the members of the party into his office.

"Have a drink, boys, before we go on the lion-hunt."

All accepted save Herman Schultbunder.

"Come on, take a whisky, Herman!" cried the sheriff.

"Not me," answered Herman. "It giffs me too much courage."



"Another thing—it's a criminal offence to have a loud-speaker in your car!"

HE was known in the club as an exceptionally good golfer. One morning he went out on to the course all by himself. He commenced by hitting a wonderful drive right down the fairway. He fozzled his second, however, and the ball went into a bunker. His third stroke was as brilliant as his first and the ball landed a few inches from the hole.

Generally, his putting was first class, but he missed the hole by miles with his fourth shot, but his fifth went straight in.

This sort of play went on right round the course. When the player returned to the club-house the secretary, who had been watching his extraordinary efforts, asked him, "Here, old man, what on earth is the matter with you to-day? First you hit a stunner, and then a dud all the way round. That's not like you."

"Oh, that's all right," came the reply. "I'm practising for the mixed foursomes—I'm being partnered by my wife."

THE heroine of this story must have had queer eyes, the things she did with them," remarked the reader to his wife. "First of all she threw her eyes up to the ceiling. Then she let them drop on the floor. After that she darted them down out of a window and rested them on the cool waters of a lake. Soon she must have got them back again, for when we next hear of her she was bathing them in sad, salt tears, wiping them, and sweeping them with long lashes. Once she actually riveted them on the dome; and when I left off she was just fixing them to an overmantel."



"It's nothing to do with the electric light, dear; it's the roots of the apple-tree from the roof-garden"





MR. AND MRS. J. E. GUEST

Mr. John Eveleth Guest, only son of Professor and Mrs. James J. Guest, of Furzedown, Abbey Wood, is seen leaving St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, with his bride, Miss Nadine Sonia Talbot Baines, younger daughter of the late Captain Matthew Talbot Baines, of Heronswood, Beckley, Sussex, and of Mrs. Talbot Baines. F/O. Frank Howell, R.A.F., was best man



MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER JARDINE

Miss Anne Duckworth-King, elder daughter of Sir George and Lady Duckworth-King, of 31, Eaton Place, and Countess Wear, Exeter, leaving St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Gardens, after her marriage to Mr. Christopher Willoughby Jardine, eldest son of Mr. Willoughby Jardine, K.C., Recorder of Leeds, and Mrs. Jardine, of 41, Sloane Gardens



ETON SCHOOL CHAPEL WEDDING

Miss Helena F. Lyttelton, second daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Warre House, Eton, was married to Mr. Peter S. H. Lawrence, an Eton master, younger son of the late Mr. Aubrey T. Lawrence, K.C., and Mrs. Lawrence, in Eton College Chapel. The bride is the daughter of an Eton master and great-niece of the former famous headmaster, the Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton



MARRIED IN RHODESIA

The marriage took place quietly at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, on June 22, between Captain John Offley Crewe-Read, South Wales Borderers, and Miss Diana Mary Robins, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Ellis Robins and Mrs. Robins, of June Hill, Salisbury. The bride wore a simple white satia dress and carried a bouquet of eucharis lilies

## WEDDINGS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD



M.P. MARRIED AT REPTON

Flight-Lieut. Henry Victor Aplin MacKinnon Raikes, M.P. for South-East Essex, only son of Mr. Henry St. John Raikes, K.C., of Makeney Lodge, Derbyshire, and Eccleston Square, was married at Repton Church, Derby, to Miss Audrey Elizabeth Joyce Wilson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilson, of Repton. The Bishop of Derby officiated at the service

Lenore



MR. AND MRS. W. R. M. WATSON

Miss Irene Pamela Maureen Airth Graevenitz, younger daughter of Baron and Baroness Peter Graevenitz, of Pipits Hill, Virginia Water, Surrey, was married to Second-Lieut. William Robert Mackenzie Watson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill Watson, at Christ Church, Virginia Water. Mr. Robert Mackenzie, R.A.F., was best man



## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

## Vigilance

**S**TANDING in an aeroplane hangar, a friend was showing me a new watch. It was, he said, of a special unbreakable, indestructible kind—impossible to damage by the most blatant misuse—

## Phraseology

**R**EADING one of the weekly reviews the other day I came across the phrase, "as easy as bombing a lightship." It is at once a neat example of phrase-making—or phrase-modernising—and a sure way of

pinning down upon the Germans their hideous brutality. That film about the bombing of a lightship is, so I am told, a strong indictment of the conduct of the German Air Force. These things must not be forgotten. If they can be preserved in phrase as well as in film, so much the better.

In common with most flying people, I have been slow to accept the stories of German brutality in such things as these attacks on lightships and the bombing of refugees. I have even been slow to accept the stories about the criminal German use of the Red Cross on certain aeroplanes as a means of performing reconnaissance work safely. But the facts have been demonstrated beyond doubt.

We must, I fear, realise that the Germans are now more debased than they were in 1914-18. We cannot have those chivalrous encounters which occurred once or twice between British and German aircraft in that earlier war. This time every battle must be fought in the full knowledge that the enemy has no chivalry, no mercy or humanity or charity in him. The Germans have made their war and they must die in it.

## Balloon Ducks

**I** noticed recently that the crew of one of the barrage balloons is keeping ducks. It is a good idea which might be developed. Mr. Hudson has been emphasising the urgency of growing and producing in these islands every ounce of food we can and so relieving our shipping and increasing our security. I know that the balloon crews are very hard-worked. But I feel that it might be possible for them to do something to aid the food position. It could only be done voluntarily; but if they were given appropriate aid and encouragement, they might find some kinds of food production at their sites a pleasant and not too strenuous change from their ordinary duties. At any rate, one crew seems to think so, and the idea is worth spreading.

## Look Forward

**M**Y remarks some time ago about the signs of a slight shortage of imagination among our Royal Air Force leaders brought me the criticism that the Royal Air Force itself has been doing so well that all such comments lose weight, and that, in any case, I had not indicated what practical developments I had in mind. Now it is admitted that the Royal Air Force is doing magnificently. But I ask whether it is the result of skilful planning by the High Command or the result of a combination of sound aeroplanes produced by the aircraft industry—some as a result of the officially frowned-on Schneider Trophy races—and great brilliance and courage on the part of the pilots and air crews. Personally, I take the second view.



RETURN OF THE FLYING-BOAT  
"CLARE"—

The Atlantic flying-boat "Clare," which made the first wartime direct flight from Britain to New York, returned to this country on August 11; 28 hours and 26 minutes flying time was taken for the two journeys



—AND HER GALLANT COMMANDER

Captain J. C. Kelly Rogers, Commander and pilot of the flying-boat "Clare," seen on his return from his Transatlantic flight, with two of his passengers, Mr. T. K. Bewley (centre) and (right) Sir Frederick Phillips, of the Treasury. Captain Rogers is the son of a Dublin master mariner. In August 1939, when piloting the "Caribou" on the first British Transatlantic air-mail flight, he landed in darkness at Port Washington, on Long Island Sound, a brilliant and never-before-attempted feat



GENEROUS GIFT TO GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. W. Garfield Weston, M.P., the millionaire biscuit-maker, who is seen here with his wife and eight children at his house in Buckinghamshire, has given a cheque for £100,000 to the Minister of Aircraft Production for the purchase of sixteen fighter machines to replace those lost by the R.A.F. in the first great air-battle over the Channel, when sixty enemy 'planes were destroyed. Mr. Weston came to England from Toronto as a seventeen-year-old volunteer in the last war

and to prove his point he suddenly flung the watch up into the air and allowed it to fall on the concrete floor. It shattered into a thousand fragments! Being one of those immensely rich people who make a speciality of collecting novelties of all kinds, and having also a sense of humour, he was as amused as I was. But it occurred to me then that that watch provided a useful lesson about air defence. It probably was unbreakable under ordinary misuse. I dare say it could have been dropped from pocket-height on to a concrete floor without being damaged. But there comes a breaking-point in the most "indestructible" things.

In our air defences of these islands we have done remarkably well. I am writing at the end of the greatest week of triumph the Royal Air Force has had; a week of triumph even more notable in some ways than the Dunkirk achievement. The enemy attacks on our convoys in the Channel have been met with fierce determination. Our defences are sound. But let us not for a moment imagine that they are unbreakable; that nothing can or will destroy them. Let us not relax or reduce our efforts to build them up as rapidly as possible. For although they have proved equal to the Germans so far, they might be broken in places by much larger-scale attacks. It is because that extreme breaking-point exists that we must now redouble our efforts in the provision of aircraft and in the training of crews. I do not say that the Germans could get through in any numbers or that they could subject targets of importance in this country to continuous and accurate bombing attacks; I merely say that they might get through in places. So the cry is still for a much bigger air force and for intensified air-raid precautions.





## To the Country People of Britain

**Y**OU have a great duty — the duty of keeping the roads free for our troops, no matter what happens.

Should parachutists land, or should enemy forces push inland from our coasts, some less-brave people may be tempted to flee from threatened villages and towns.

Don't do it. Stay where you are. This is not just advice, it is an order from the Government. The greatest harm any man or woman could do to Britain at such a time would be to clutter up

the roads, and so hinder our own troops advancing to drive the enemy out.

In France refugees crowding the roads made it impossible for the army to bring up reinforcements. So France was lost!

*This must not happen here.* Remember, you will be far safer from bombing and machine-gunning downstairs in your own home than you would be on the open roads.

Remember, too, the Home Guard will be defending your village, and the Army will be defending your country. They need the roads.

## ...that's why you must **STAY PUT**



# PRISCILLA IN PARIS

A belated letter posted in France on June 16

Written on the eve of the collapse of France, Priscilla's last letter appeared in our issue of June 19. Since then nothing has been heard of her. Now, weeks overdue, the following contribution has unexpectedly arrived. It bears the Vendée postmark and is dated June 16. THE TATLER still anxiously awaits news of its correspondent's safety. "Priscilla in Paris" has been a regular feature of the paper for many years.

Très Cher,

June 16.

"IN Paris" is poetic license. This letter can only be dated from "somewhere on the roads of France." At 3 a.m. this morning I left town in order to evacuate two elderly women with their most precious belongings and, of course, a beloved dog. This, alas, was not an unexpected move. For many days past the streets of the city have been empty and silent; those who were told to leave obeyed. Lucky ones had cars and were not obliged to line up at the railway stations where the long hours of waiting must have been hard to bear. We were amongst those lucky ones, thanks to Miss Chrysler, 1924 who, despite her age, and weighted down with double her usual load, towed a broken-down flivver for several miles in search of a garage willing—and able—to effect repairs, a garage that we finally discovered in a lost village off the main road.

Now we are back again on a *route nationale*, over which one can usually skim at eighty kilometres p.h., crawling in a south-westerly direction. It is late afternoon and in all these hours we have only covered thirty miles. Progress is so difficult that we remain for twenty or thirty minutes on the same spot and then only advance for a hundred yards or so.

We are in very open country and, across the plain, as far as one can see, an endless line of vehicles, pedestrians and cyclists winds towards the horizon. The sky is lowering and grey and the air seems laden with a curious, a most impalpable something that is neither vapour nor smoke. . . .

A miracle happened. Since writing the above some officers passed in a staff car and seeing the U.F.F. card on my windscreen stopped and told me to follow them. This has helped us several miles on the journey. Now we are in a wooded part of the world where people are resting and preparing to camp under the trees. It is dusk and many of them will probably spend the night there. Men are returning from farther up the road with loaves of bread and bottles of vin ordinaire—which is all they can find.

The waiting is interminable. A broken-down car or one that, in the hands of an inexperienced driver, refuses to start, an insecurely tied bundle—and how many there are—that falls into the road, holds everything up. There are also the great farm carts, drawn by magnificent horses from the Ardennes, that block the narrow lanes and slow the progress of faster vehicles. Then there are the fools who refuse to obey the unwritten law holding at such times, forbidding cars to pass each other on roads encumbered with plodding pedestrians and cyclists. There are the road hogs that, making a break-away and a spurt, usually end up in the ditch—which doesn't matter—or by locking wheels with another car—which does matter—for then they form an obstacle that is almost impassable.

The absence of real news is unbearable—no newspapers are to be found on the road and it is lang syne, of course, that cars have been allowed to keep their wireless.

My persistent optimism had a bad shock (from which it is recovering quite nicely, thank you) when our ambulance corps received the order to retire in the direction of a town-that-must-not-be-mentioned. Those of us with friends or relatives to evacuate and country homes to take them to, were told to do so in our own cars and afterwards join up with the unit again. It was with a heavy heart that I handed the wheel of ambulance 517 W.W.I. to a gay young orphan spinster with no family to worry about. We had grown accustomed to each other, 517 and I, and did some quite good work together—or so we fondly believe. It's a grim job, that of driving wounded men to whom the slightest shock means unbearable pain and 517 had a sweet way of gently swaying over the worst pot-holes with nary a jerk. May the gay young orphint spinster deal gently with her springs till we meet again.

Still later.

It is 10 p.m. After many inquiries we have at last found a roof to cover us and some straw to lie on. No papers have reached the village but the radio announces that the Allies are holding firmly and—oh, you know the sort of thing, *très cher*.

My old people are sleeping quite happily but the dawg has caught a flea from the farmyard dog and he is making no end of a bother about it. How nice to be a dog and able to be upset by a flea at such a time. I am feeling glum and anxious and all-overish. Wish I knew where my soldier is tonight—a wish shared by so many thousands of women the world over. The moon and the summer night and seventeen hours at the wheel (yet we have barely done eighty miles) are getting me down—I'd better hit the hay before I go maudlin.

Query: Why hay when it's only straw?

I'll be seeing you, *très cher*.

PRISCILLA.

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Roads, asset or hindrance?

WITH the ever-present threat of invasion upon us, one naturally wonders what part our road system will play in the matter of attack and defence. No one knows in what part of the country the enemy may attempt to land and for that reason the kind of roads that will be used in the initial encounters. They may, of course, be of the twin-track type in which case their similarity to the German *autobahnen* would make things easier for the enemy. But as the total mileage of modern twin-track road in this country is very small and, in any case, seldom extends for any great distance in one stretch, it seems probable that sooner or later action will take place on our ordinary, single track and constantly twisting highways. Here, either when viewed from the air or the ground, visibility is comparatively poor. Our forces are naturally familiar with the conditions and are therefore at an advantage when compared to the enemy. On the other hand narrow roads make for congestion, slow down movement and might become more easily blocked by a disabled vehicle than the twin type of highway.

Roads near Ports

Another aspect of the case concerns the roads in the vicinity of our principal ports and more especially those in the west. One authority suggests that had the recommendations of various bodies been carried out in the past and modern roads built between some of our most important ports and the industrial centres which they serve, we should not be faced with the present congestion in these places. Motoring interests also declare that a railway-minded Government is still ignoring the facilities available by the use of road transport and that much of the aforementioned congestion is due to the railways inability to deal with the problem. Then again, it is pointed out, that in February last the then Minister of Transport consulted the Transport Advisory Council in order to examine the wartime co-ordination of goods transport. As a result of this a committee comprising railway, road, inland waterways and coastwise shipping was formed and asked to make recommendations. The committee's report was presented to the present Minister of Transport, Sir John Reith, on May 30, and on July 12 the Transport Advisory Council was informed that their recommendations were rejected.

Time Wasting

On the face of it these events seem like a great waste of time, for it is difficult to understand why if it was deemed advisable to improve the co-ordination of goods traffic in February, it is any less necessary today.

It may be argued, of course, that the military situation has changed entirely in the interval and that now, with the threat of invasion in our minds, is not an opportune moment for putting into force and trying out new methods of co-ordinating our transport resources. All the same, it does seem as if the motor transporters are ready and willing to take on more work, while the railways have more than they can deal with adequately. Reverting once more to the question of possible traffic congestion in special areas, it has even been suggested that a start should be made now with the building of new strategic roads in these districts. Whether the army or the local authorities should take on the job is not made clear. But should the latter be chosen or should they proceed at their peace-time rate of progress, I am quite sure the roads would never be ready for this war.



SQUASH CELEBRITIES NOW IN THE W.R.N.S. Miss Betty Cooke, England's third-ranked squash player, now a leading rating on a headquarters staff, with Miss Leyham Popham, her assistant, who went to the U.S.A. in 1938 with the International Squash Team. They are both driving about admirals and such like upon their lawful occasions





*"Who is she?"*

*This suit makes suitors! Slickly tailored from lined check Saxony.*

*Colour schemes—pink on navy, blue on plum, green on brown.*

*Note original pocket treatment and kick-pleat insets to skirt.*

*A Hershelle model, of course—from the new Autumn collection.*

*HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere.*

*For the name of your nearest retailer write to*

*H. Bernstein Limited, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.*

*Look for the name HERSHELLE*

*on the label . . .*

*Hershelle*  
MODEL





Photo: George Miles

# FLOWERS AND PERFUME

**B**LUE GRASS FLOWER MIST is Elizabeth Arden's latest inspiration. It is a delicate fragrance for after the bath, and is not extravagant, since only a little is needed. In the warm weather, and when suffering from fatigue, it is very refreshing, as it quickens the senses and enlivens the spirits. It is made in several perfumes. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have contributed the true-to-Nature Mayfair flowers, also the wrapper, which is carried out in pale pink net strewn with spots in the same exquisite shade as Blue Grass Fragrance. The entire scheme is mounted on satin and finished with a waist band to match and may be slipped on in a minute



MINISTRY OF FOOD



THE WEEK'S

# FOOD

## FACTS No. 4



Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Many people are pinning them up in the kitchen.

"AS a Lancashire man said, 'We've got through to the Final'. We are good at finals. But mark this: we go into training for finals. We harden ourselves, and we discipline our lives. Only by fostering every ounce of our national resources—in our kitchens just as much as in our manufactures—can we field a team that will be unbeatable."

LORD WOOLTON.

### ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

#### How to Salt Runner Beans.

While runner beans are plentiful, it is an excellent plan to put some down in salt for winter use.

Allow 1 lb. of salt to 3 lbs. of beans. Dry the salt and crush with rolling pin. Choose young, fresh beans. Wash, dry thoroughly and remove strings. If small, leave whole; otherwise break into two or three pieces. Put a layer of salt in a stoneware jar, then a layer of beans. Repeat, pressing beans down well. Finish with an ample layer of salt. Cover and leave for a few days when beans will have shrunk. Fill up with more beans and salt, cover tightly and store in a cool, dry place.

Before use, wash beans thoroughly in several waters, then soak in warm water for not more than 2 hours.

#### War-time Plum Jam.

If you are making plum jam for eating during the next 3 or 4 months, try this economical recipe.

Grease your preserving pan with butter or margarine papers. Wash

6 lb. plums and cook very slowly with  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water until quite tender (about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour). Then add  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. sugar and boil rapidly. It is a good plan to warm your sugar before adding. Test for setting point by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when pushed with the finger, the jam is ready. Pour into clean, hot jars.

**Coffee for Breakfast.** There are ample supplies of coffee in the country. Why not try it for breakfast? The rules for making it are simple.

Warm your earthenware jug and allow 2 heaped teaspoonsful of coffee for each cup. Be sure the kettle is boiling fast. Take the jug to the kettle and pour on the exact amount of water required. Stir, cover, allow to stand for 2 minutes, give another stir in a downward spiral to settle the grounds and leave for two more minutes before pouring into the cups. Do you listen to the useful food hints on the wireless every morning at 8.15?

ON DUTY OR OFF...



Grace  
relies on  
perfect  
ease

Beautifully poised movements that reveal free and flowing lines will be yours in a Belt by Roussel. The patented Airollasta tricot gives gentle massage and moulds your figure firmly, but so gently, that you achieve grace with ease. Made for you alone, to suit your own personal foundation requirements, your Belt by Roussel need cost you no more than 2 Gns.

Write for the new booklet, illustrated with actual photographs of Roussel Belts, Panties and Brassieres and giving full details of the unique Roussel Service.

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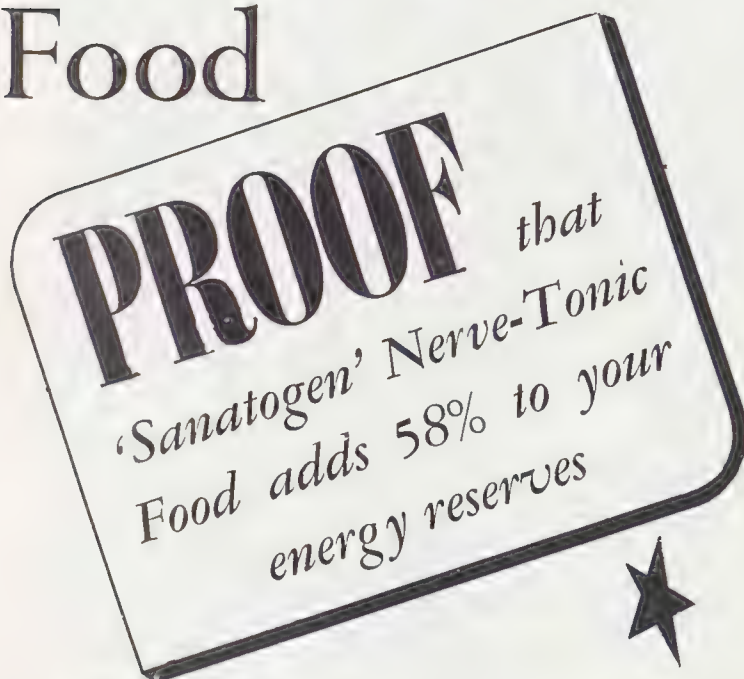
**55 Knightsbridge  
London, S.W.1**

Branches:

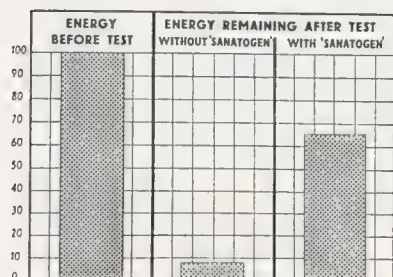
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# ★ If you can't take a holiday, take 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food



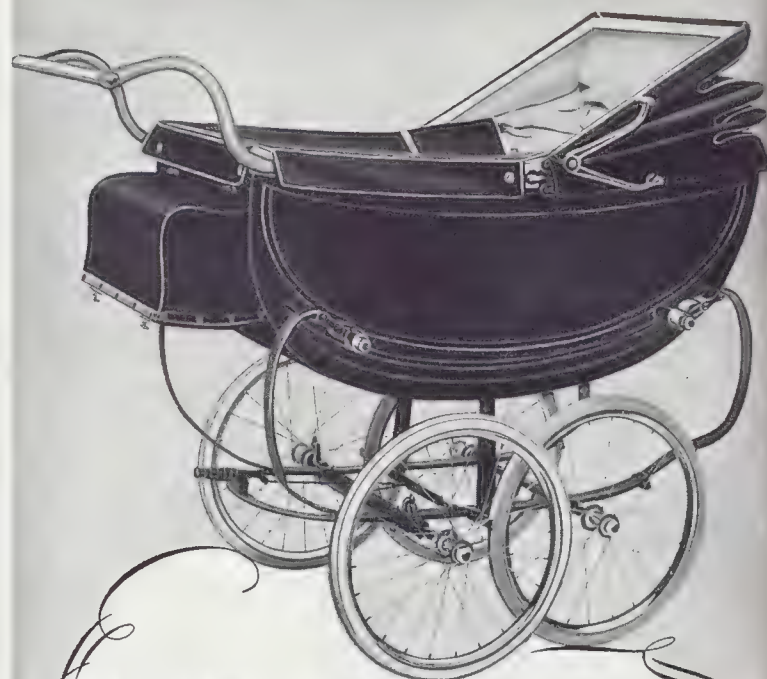
It is one thing to make a claim: another to prove it. Every claim made for 'Sanatogen' is scientifically accurate, backed by the reports of research workers and clinicians.



The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Ltd., the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a fortnight's course of 'Sanatogen' the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. This time, 66% of energy remained. *This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' gives you 58% more energy.*

Have you tried the new **COFFEE FLAVOURED** 'Sanatogen'?



## THE CARRIAGE AWAITS . . .

A handsome, well sprung Dunkley model for the new baby who, very naturally, expects nothing but the best. **Price from 10 guineas.**  
In navy, black, beige.

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Fashion Brochure post free on request.

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## SAVE MONEY...

### Luxurious Furs at Wholesale Price

The beautiful model illustrated is of fine quality dyed Canadian Squirrel City Price  
**29 gns.**

In these days of rising prices it is more important than ever that you should choose your Furs in the best and cheapest market. Every one of our distinctive models is made in our own workrooms from the finest skins. By offering them at WHOLESALE PRICE we give you the opportunity of securing luxurious Furs of reliable quality at a price well within your reach — YOU POSITIVELY SAVE THE 'MIDDLEMAN'S' PROFITS AT THE CITY FUR STORE.

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Selections of Furs gladly sent on approval.

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NOT A SHOP - SHOWROOMS FIRST FLOOR





**WHAT A BLESSING THAT  
SANITARY PROTECTION IS  
NOW WORN INTERNALLY**

**TAMPAX**

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

SOLD BY ALL GOOD CHEMISTS, DRAPERS AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES. PRICES 1/6 1/2 AND 60.



## The Way of the War (Cont. from page 248)

were soft, and her men would not and could not fight. It would be interesting to know what are his present views on this subject, despite the great numerical superiority which the Axis Powers undoubtedly enjoy for the time being.

### German Disillusionment

Recent articles in the German Press have shown how great has been the disappointment and irritation of the Nazis that the British people have not followed the French example and collapsed internally when faced with the prospect of having to meet the German military machine. Having persuaded themselves through long years of lying propaganda that the people of Britain were indolent, dejected and lacking in all political sagacity or national consciousness it has come as a shock to find that the logical consequences of such conditions do not follow.

Hitler was to have been passing through London in triumphal procession by last Thursday. But the ridiculous English have failed to appreciate the benefits which such an event would bestow. In these circumstances there was nothing for it but to maintain the bombardment of terrifying threats. Perhaps we ourselves can derive more enlightenment from the statements made by German airmen brought down and taken prisoner. Many of these seem to have been genuinely surprised by the devastating efficiency and valour of the R.A.F. One of them added that the war

would soon be over if we went on bombing Germany as we have been doing during recent weeks.

It seems that many German families have taken up residence in occupied France in the hope of escaping the British air raids.



THE CHRISTENING OF "JANE BAXTER'S" DAUGHTER

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Montgomery and infant daughter Rachel at St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon, where the baby was christened. As Jane Baxter Mrs. Montgomery is famous in both the film and stage worlds. Captain Montgomery is a gunner by trade in the Army and a well-known business man out of it

### Otto Abetz, Newspaper Promoter

Britain's failure to crumble into political disorder must have been a sad blow for Ribbentrop, whose predictions regarding this country have so often been proved wide of the mark. He must be happy, however, to have established his old friend and agent, Otto Abetz as "Ambassador" to France. Before the war Abetz was one of the most active promoters of the Fifth Column in France, and had at his disposal large sums of money which he employed primarily to obtain control over newspapers or individual correspondents.

Back in France, whence only a year ago he was expelled at forty-eight hours notice, he is able to indulge his old pastimes with complete freedom. At the moment one knows of five new French papers which have come into being under his aegis. There is *La France au Travail*, addressed to the working population, *Les Dernières Nouvelles de Paris*, which is supposed to supply the general public with news, *La Gerbe*, for the young, *La Vie Nationale*, for the middle-class hearthside, and *L'Effort*, which pretends to be Socialist. In addition he is devoting his energies to remodelling existing newspapers, and it is observable that the work is being done with no little skill. There is no present indication of the diplomatic functions which this curious ambassador is supposed to perform.

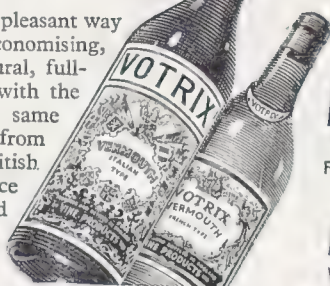
The progress made by the enemy's Fifth Column in our own land must also be extremely disappointing to the Hun, particularly so after what Ribbentrop told his master after his sojourn here. He was positive that we would not fight!



"THE ORDER OF THE DAY" IS

vote for  
**VOTRIX**  
vermouth

Voting for Votrix is a very pleasant way of buying British—and economising, too. For Votrix is a natural, full-strength wine, produced with the same ingredients, in the same way as the Vermouths from abroad. It's only its British origin that makes its price so modest. Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.



ITALIAN  
STYLE  
(Sweet)

**4/6**

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STYLE  
(Dry)

**5/-**

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*I am a unique sherry  
in a unique bottle*

but... during the period of war, owing to the difficulties in shipments from Spain, I shall be difficult to procure.

Do not ask for me too often so as to give others the opportunity of knowing me.

For your home buy one of my bottles instead of two, because by this means you will be helping others.



**REDNUTT**  
BROWN SHERRY

**AERTEX**  
*lets  
the body  
breathe*

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Suites available—special terms  
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## WHEN YOU WAKE WITH A HEAD LIKE LEAD

You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things can make you feel below par. Overwork, worry, stuffy rooms, smoking, eating or drinking too much—all these cause what doctors call an "acid condition."

And then, whatever the cause of your headache, it's no good taking something that merely relieves the pain. You need something to remove the cause as well.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalisating elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any Chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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## 'TEETH INSURANCE' COSTS THIS YOUNG WOMAN JUST 4d. A MONTH



Would you give 4d. a month for teeth like hers? You would? Well, this young woman reckons she uses 4 Tek toothbrushes a year, costing her 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. She thinks that is a very inexpensive guarantee for teeth that no money can replace, ever.

**1 SHAPE**

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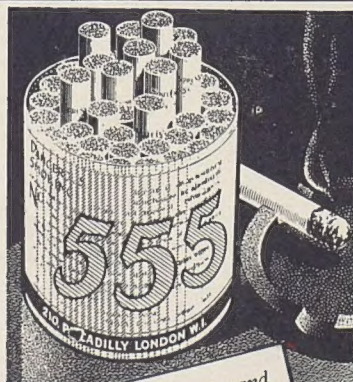
The toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly—to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush, but don't expect a TEK.

**Tek**  
THE BEST  
TEETH POLICY

SURGICALLY  
CLEAN  
IN A  
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Made and guaranteed by  
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Save your empty tins and  
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As smoked by  
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**Quality**

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... but WRIGHT'S can!

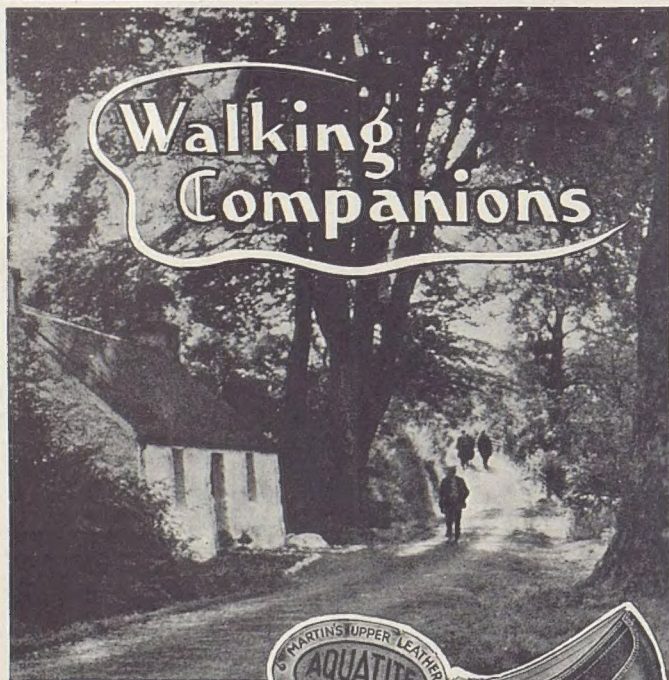
- Cleansing, refreshing and fragrant, Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps skin smooth and white: protected from blemishes and infection. ALWAYS USE

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**Slacks**—nigger or navy 49/6. **Lumber Jack**—soft wool with angora, to match, or in contrasting shades. Scarlet, emerald, tawny, magenta. 49/6. **The Sweater** (shirt waist neck style). Sky, lime, royal, navy. 29/6



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